/463 cont./

872 after the other, the boys had to recite after him. For hours they practiced, gaily waving their paper, "bal, bel, bil, bol, bul, dal, del, dil, dol, dul." In several months they had not gone beyond this. Caldas himself seemed impatient, and during the short time that we were able to endure the performance he asked three times what time it was. Two Bororó fathers were sitting in the /464/ corner and occasionally also murmured absent-mindedly bal, bel, bil, bol, bul. Among my linguistic notes I find that the Bororó told me, "he is teaching the boys to read"; the sentence in literal translation corresponds exactly to the situation: "he is
876 teaching the boys to look at the paper." Caldas hoped, however, that there would soon be progress; he said the boys were an ill-behaved lot who first had to learn obedience. Up to now he had hit their fingers with a ruler if they did not pay attention. Now, however, he had an improved system of "palmatorios," two specimens of which he showed us. They looked like wooden spoons, except that they had a circular, flat end-piece, and this -- here was the improvement -- was perforated with holes like a sieve. The air whistles through the holes and this increases the pain. Well, I hope the new palmatorios stood the test and that the boys have meanwhile progressed at least as far as xal, xel, xil, xol, xul. In our day the entire result was always just dal, del, dil, dol, dul.

578 The hostile brothers. On 9 April Arateba, in his drunkenness,
[273] again put on one of his sensational performances. Burning with rage, he tears down the house of a widow who would not let him have his way. He is quickly finished with this work, even though he threatens to fall over backwards with each jerk. His brother and two sensible friends hoist him on their shoulders and take him to his hut. There he has the weeping blues for a quarter of an hour, but after cold water has been poured over him he pulls himself together again and appears in front of headquarters. He
593 strides up and down like a roaring lion in a cage and challenges his brother, upon whom he heaps abuse in front of all the people, to a fight. His brother leaps at him and, crouched over, hops back and forth in front of him for a while; then they clutch each other with furious holds. Arateba is thrown to the ground four times.